

## Summer Dream

Karlis E. Rusa

On lawns of emerald I walk,  
Above me sky of wet grey pearl;  
On every side a garden spreads  
And sleeps in silent noon,  
    In drowsy, languid noon.

To memory are lost the years  
When pestilential death did seize  
The king, the fool, the gardener  
Whose feet here trod the grass,  
    The meekly whispering grass.

Bright blossoms seek I wearily,  
While ancient stone walls curb my sight  
And thorny hedges tower, grim.  
(How heavy hangs the breezeless air!)  
But there—a *gate*. . . and eagerly  
    Passing through,  
    I plunge into  
    Flowery distance:  
    Wildly singing  
    Things of the air  
    Flit o'er meadow,  
    Hill and valley,  
    Soar 'neath low  
    Expectant skies. . . .  
    Suddenly,  
    Smoldering sun  
    Parts the clouds,  
    Rends the greyness,  
    Blazes, flames,  
    Blooming bursts  
    Into fiery  
Galaxies!